

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

FEBRUARY, 1920

TABLE OF CONTENTS

"THE OPEN WINDOW," A PAINTING BY FRANK W. BENSON,
Frontispiece

A NOTABLE EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN PAINTING AT
THE NATIONAL CAPITAL..... 119
Six illustrations

SOME MEMORIES OF WILLIAM MORRIS,
By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL 124

MR. GUERIN'S PAINTINGS FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL 128
Two illustrations

DAUMIER, LITHOGRAPHER, CARTOONIST, ARTIST,
Five illustrations By FRANK WEITENKAMPF 130

"NORTHERN LIGHTS, MAINE COAST, AUGUST 1919," A
PAINTING BY H. R. BUTLER..... 137

"THE TOP OF THE WORLD," A PAINTING BY CHARLES C.
CURRAN..... 138

THE HOUSE OF THE SINGING WINDS
Two illustrations By ALFRED MANSFIELD BROOKS 139

BULLETIN, THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS.... 142-144

NOTES

ITEMS

BOOK REVIEWS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

215 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

1741 NEW YORK AVENUE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

\$2.50 A YEAR

New York Visitors

will find an interesting collection of

Paintings

by

American Artists

on exhibition here throughout the season.

William Macbeth

Incorporated

450 Fifth Avenue, at Fortieth Street

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

The Oldest Art School in America

Second Winter Term begins February 2, 1920. Students received at any time.
Instruction in Drawing, Painting, Illustration and Sculpture.



Faculty: Charles Gaffy, Hugh H. Breckenridge, Henry McCarter, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., Daniel Garber, Philip L. Hale, Robert Vonnoh, Arthur B. Carles, John F. Harbeson, Charles de Geer.

Seventeen Cresson Scholarships awarded this year for travel in Europe and America.

ELEANOR B. BARKER
Curator

BROAD AND CHERRY STS., PHILA.

SUMMER SCHOOL AT CHESTER SPRINGS

Criticisms from April to October

D. ROY MILLER, Resident Manager

CHESTER SPRINGS

CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

Please mention AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART when writing to Advertisers



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024



THE OPEN WINDOW

BY FRANK W. BENSON

Awarded the First W. A. Clark prize of \$2,000, accompanied by the Corcoran Gold Medal

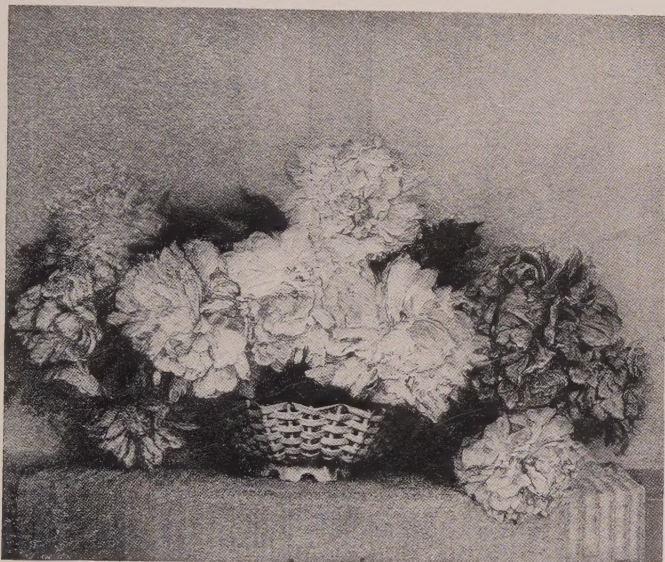
Purchased by the Corcoran Gallery of Art

SEVENTH EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN OIL PAINTINGS,

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

VOLUME XI FEBRUARY, 1920 NUMBER 4



PEONIES

EDWARD F. ROOK

Awarded the Third W. A. Clark Prize of \$1,000, accompanied by the
Corcoran Bronze Medal

PURCHASED BY THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

A NOTABLE EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN PAINTINGS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

The Seventh Exhibition of oil paintings by contemporary American artists to be held by the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C., opened on December 21st and continued until January 25th. These exhibitions were held biennially until last year, when, on account of war conditions, the exhibition was postponed, leaving a space of three years between the present exhibition and the one preceding it.

Three hundred and sixteen paintings were comprehended in this exhibition and the entire upper floor of the Corcoran Gallery of Art was given over to their display. Some of the pictures shown were invited but the majority were

passed upon by the jury of selection which met in Boston, New York and Philadelphia as well as in Washington.

Four important awards were made—cash prizes generously donated by the Honorable William A. Clark, a member of the Board of Trustees, accompanied by the Corcoran Gallery's gold, silver and bronze medals and honorable mention certificate. These awards were as follows: First W. A. Clark prize of \$2,000 accompanied by the Corcoran Gallery's gold medal to Frank W. Benson for his painting entitled "The Open Window"; Second W. A. Clark prize of \$1,500, accompanied by the Corcoran Gallery's silver medal, to Charles H.



"WHERE WATERS FLOW AND LONG SHADOWS LIE"

GARDNER SYMONS

PURCHASED BY THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

Davis for his painting entitled "The Sunny Hillside"; Third W. A. Clark prize of \$1,000, accompanied by the Corcoran Gallery's bronze medal, to Edward F. Rook for his painting entitled "Peonies"; Fourth W. A. Clark prize of \$500, accompanied by the Corcoran Gallery's honorable mention certificate to William S. Robinson for his painting entitled "October."

Doubtless the liberality of these awards did something toward inducing the exhibiting artists to send their best works, and discreet judgment on the part of the jury of selection was also unquestionably a factor in the maintenance of a high standard of merit, but it stands to reason that unless good works had been produced neither would have availed. Everyone was agreed that this exhibition held more encouragement and promise than any

that had been held not only in Washington but anywhere in the United States for some years. The works shown for the most part were not only excellent, but fresh, youthful and individual. Stepping out of the shadow of the Great War and turning from its dark memories, the artists apparently had found keen appreciation of beauty and a fuller sense of joy in their work than they had previously experienced or realized. The visitor to this exhibition was instantly impressed by loveliness of color, restrained, viril gaiety—something essentially joyous, as it were, in the air. But with all, there was great diversity in style. The influence of the extreme modernists was to be observed yet so tempered by sanity and so interpreted in the light of tradition that it seemed to lend interest and surprising merit. That which was ex-

tre and extraordinary had apparently been discarded, but all that was best in the way of simplicity, color arrangement and directness of treatment had been retained.

Moreover, it was the merit of the work of the younger men and women rather than those of more established reputation

out upon the world with open vision and discovering and interpreting its beauty in so excellent a way, and in a way so essentially their own—a way in some instances in which it had not been interpreted before.

It was interesting also to note that this exhibition was essentially American, more



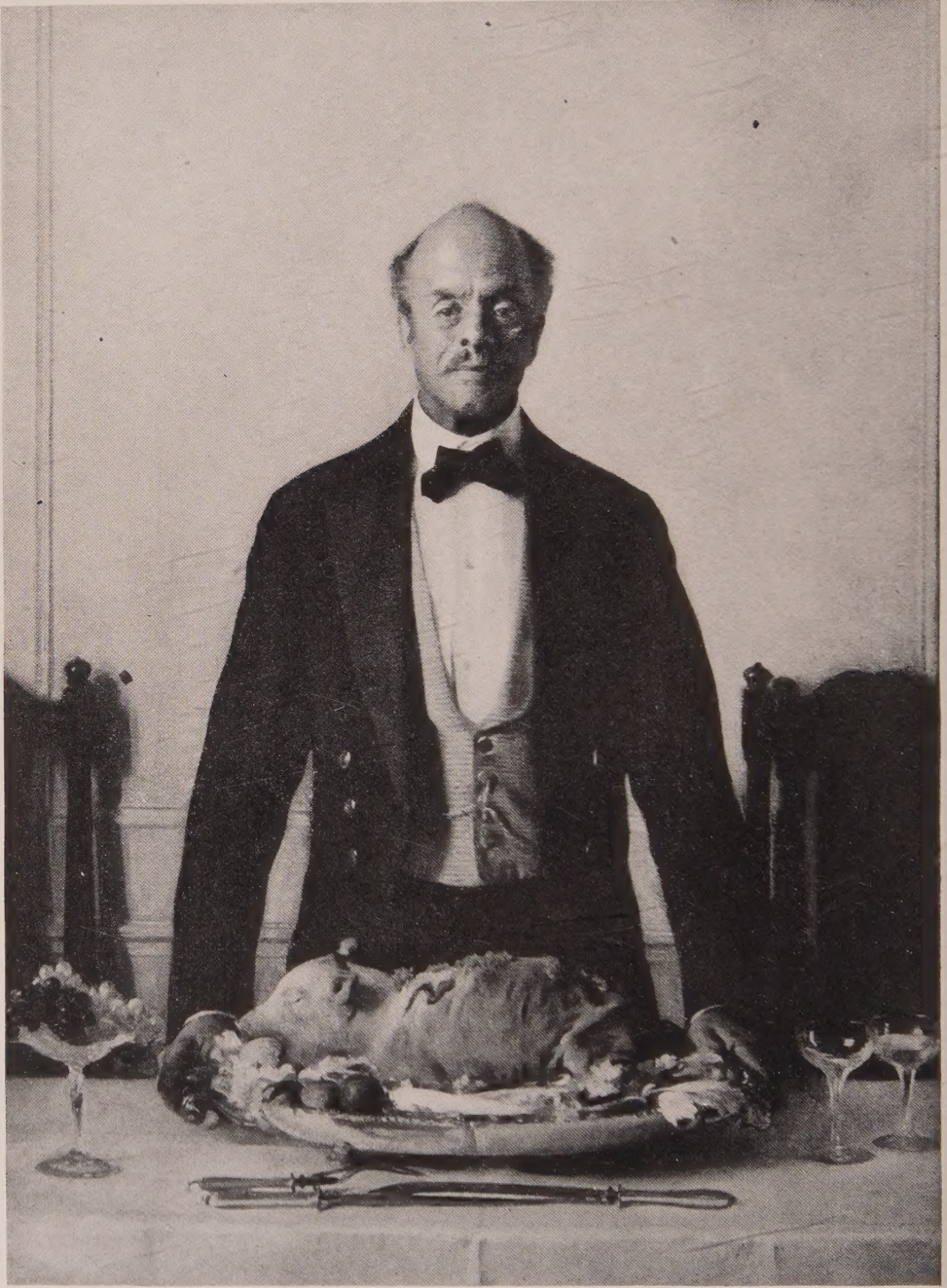
CANTON STREET

FREDERIC CLAY BARTLETT

PURCHASED BY THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

which brought up the average of this exhibition. An encouraging sign for the future of American art. It is true that none of the younger men and women may have attained to great heights—that none whose names were not known suddenly burst into prominence, but the significant thing was that so many from different parts of our land were looking

so perhaps than any exhibition that the writer recalls having seen before. It has been truly said that the regiments in khaki as they swung down the great boulevards of Paris, brave, strong and full of the spirit of our own young country, were no more typically representative of America than the paintings assembled in this exhibition.



THE STEWARD

JOSEPH DE CAMP



OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY

EDWARD W. REDFIELD

The landscape painters made perhaps the most brilliant showing, but there was no special group which outstripped all others. To the Sargent portrait of Rockefeller was given the place of honor and to either side of this were hung brilliantly colorful pictures by Frederic C. Bartlett, one of a "Chinese Tea House" and the other of "Canton Street." On the same wall were vividly painted still life studies by Hugh H. Breckenridge and Alice Worthington Ball, while between to the right hung a splendid sea picture by William Ritschel, and to the left a beautiful winter landscape by Gardner Symons, "Where Waters Flow and Long Shadows Lie," an extraordinary piece of realism interpreted with a brilliancy and sureness rarely if ever excelled.

Mr. Redfield contributed a most brilliant spring time landscape, a picture of a blossoming fruit tree beside a little cabin on a commonplace country road,

full of the miracle of spring—new life and amazing loveliness.

Among the figure paintings were a most distinguished portrait of Mrs. Ludington by Cecilia Beaux which held its own with the Sargent Rockefeller, and a delightful group, "Mother and Child," by Mary Cassatt, besides a charming little girl by Lilian Westcott Hale. Joseph DeCamp's portrait of "The Steward" was most admirable, and "Two Sisters" both dressed in white by the late J. Alden Weir was also a distinguished performance.

The Benson prize picture, which is reproduced as a frontispiece to this number of *The American Magazine of Art* is charmingly subtle showing to perfection the illusion of sunlit atmosphere indoors. The Corcoran Gallery has acquired this painting and nine others in this exhibition for its permanent collection, and no less than seventeen others have been pur-

chased by private collectors. By the end of the first week the sales from this exhibition had aggregated over \$42,000, which would indicate that even as an art market the National Capital is not so very far behind. These biennial exhibitions at the Corcoran Gallery do much to bring American art to the attention of the

people from all parts of the United States—the temporary residents in Washington who are not habitual exhibition visitors, and the fact that exhibitions of this type are held in the National Capitol is bound to have an influence of a helpful sort upon the nation as a whole, engendering interest and setting a standard.



THE BARRACKS

ROBERT SPENCER

Norman Wait Harris Bronze Medal, Art Institute of Chicago Exhibition

ALSO SHOWN IN SEVENTH EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN OIL PAINTINGS,
CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

SOME MEMORIES OF WILLIAM MORRIS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

THE first time I saw William Morris, he was standing on a cart in Hyde Park. It was Sunday and the month was June. The Park, in its early summer freshness and golden afternoon light, had invited me to linger, and the crowd gathered round the cart had been my excuse. I had no idea who the man on the cart was—the middle-aged man, short and thickset, in a light blue shirt and dark blue suit, the

reefer jacket giving him a sea-faring look, hatless, his hair like a great curly mop above his forehead, working himself into a passion as he proclaimed the rights of labor, in his more intense moments thrusting his fingers through the great mop of hair which was already in startling disorder, when I joined the crowd. But he amused me. He had a distinct personality which most of the Hyde Park Sunday

afternoon talkers had not, and I asked his name of a youth at my side. "William Morris, the socialist," was the answer.

Of William Morris, the socialist, I saw more for a while than of William Morris, the artist. We—J. and I—had fallen in with a little group of his followers who lived on Hammersmith Mall by the river, not far from where, for many years Morris made his home in Kelmscott House. One was Emery Walker, later Morris's right-hand man at the Kelmscott Press. Another was Ernest Radford, young, handsome, full of promise, then only recently married to Dolly Radford whose *Light Load* of verse was to make her known later on. She was a friend of Eleanor Marx, Karl Marx's daughter, through whom perhaps, no less than through Morris, the call to Socialism had come. I think, because of our interest, they looked upon us as possible "Comrades." But who could have been indifferent to the socialism of the Eighties in England: William Morris and Walter Crane its pioneers, Bernard Shaw using it as a stepping-stone to fame and a course of training in the art of public speaking; John Burns, from his cart in the Park on Sunday afternoons, urging the workmen to pull down the Mayfair palaces—so handy just there on the other side of the railings—and be free; the red banner and Morris leading processions through the London streets; Pall Mall clubs quaking as rioters rushed by, mounted police charging with such success that Shaw, shepherding the mildest comrades at the tail end of the column, told us he would suddenly find himself at the head;—days in England when art and literature played with socialism without stopping to ask what might happen when it was socialism's turn to play with them.

Morris not only spoke in the Park on Sunday afternoons, but he held meetings on Sunday evenings in the little low building, afterward his printing shop, adjoining Kelmscott House. To those meetings our friends of Hammersmith Mall took us. I do not remember that a very full attendance was the rule. Nor could I be sure that many real workmen were ever present, for most of the intellectual and artistic socialists, then trying to look as much

like workmen and artisans as they could, were given to unstarched shirts, soft felt hats and sack coats not yet the fashion in Pall Mall and Piccadilly. I still have a keen recollection of the sensation made by the frock coats and top hats of the President of the Century Company and the Editor of the *Century Magazine*, whom we brought with us one Sunday, and of the sarcastic references to them, and to plutocrats and unearned increment, by almost every speaker. The talk never struck me as particularly convincing or inspiring. Shaw was clever and paradoxical and made one laugh rather than think. Graham Wallas was very serious, very worthy, very dull. Halliday Sparling—whom Miss May Morris afterward married—was disagreeably young and pleased with himself, smiling the smile of the social "uplifter" as he recommended the joys of the simple life on mountain tops that, somehow or other, socialism was to impose upon us, however much we might object to mountain tops and the simple life both—why the two were inseparable he never stooped to explain. Explanation was not the strong point of the amateur socialist. An occasional workman gave at least the force of conviction to what he occasionally had the courage to say in such superior society. But, for me, Morris monopolized the interest of the evening. Not that he was either more inspiring or convincing than the others. Argument was not his special talent, and his treatment of his subject was literary rather than human or political. But he was emotional and picturesque. He built up Utopias, lavished upon us his News from Nowhere, dreamed for us dreams with John Ball, drove us before him post haste into the Millennium when art was to solve all social and political problems. And he lost his temper delightfully. If a speaker ventured upon a sentiment for which he had no use or an opinion with which he disagreed, he was at first sad, reproachful, sure his Comrade did not mean it in his heart. But if the Comrade persisted he flew into a passion, ran his fingers violently through his hair and talked down his comrade by sheer noise. I have never seen anything like the towseled condition of his hair at the end of a meeting.

When this end came, most of the Com-

rades drifted out into the chill or damp or fog of the London night. It did not seem to me then—it does not seem to me now—altogether according to the principles of Brotherhood and the Fellowship of Man, which had been preached all evening, that the few should have drifted through a private door into Kelmscott House, there to sit down to an excellent and comforting supper conducive to the belief that already all was for the best in the best of all worlds. I have sometimes wondered if, had our obstinacy in remaining unconverted been foreseen, we too, would have been allowed to pass through that exclusive door and to comfort ourselves by that excellent supper.

In his house, Morris, the artist, was more in evidence, even if the talk was largely a sequel to the earlier discussions of the evening. The House was Georgian, red brick outside, large and spacious inside where Morris mediaevalism prevailed though it was hardly in harmony with Eighteenth Century architecture. Morris, in not one of the many arts he gave his life to, recognized the value of simplicity. His scheme of decoration seems to us now a trifle meretricious—too luxuriant and overblown. All the same, my memory is vivid of my pleasure in the rich color of Kelmscott House, of my keen sense of it as I sat at the long narrow table stretched across one end of the large dining-room, soft and subdued in the warm, soft candle light, the walls around me hung with Rossettis and, at the head of the table, Miss May Morris looking as if she had just posed for them. I was conscious of no touch of the conventionalism so surprising in some Pre-Raphaelite houses. But then, in its exclusiveness and luxury, Morris's house was every bit as far removed from the bare poverty of the socialist headquarters next door. This contrast, however, struck me as typical of Morris himself, in public places preaching socialism, at home living the life of the artist, the individualist. It was a contrast that struck other people, and he was more than once asked at that period why, in his Merton Abbey mills and Oxford Street shop, he did not practice what he preached. The time had not come, was his answer, he must wait until the world was ready.

If his theory was one thing and his conduct quite another, I do not think it meant the least lack of sincerity on his part. He most likely was never conscious of his inconsistency in inciting workmen to socialism and remaining always the capitalist, in teaching the doctrine of art for the people and making it so costly that only the rich could deal with him. You could not listen to Morris talk, you could not talk with him, and for a moment doubt his sincerity. He was fearfully in earnest about everything—the very way he drove his fingers through his hair convinced you of that—and about socialism, he was at that period earnest enough to lead the party when no one else was prepared to, edit *The Commonweal*, do a great deal of writing and many propaganda chores, even go to prison in a crisis. And yet, I always had the feeling that socialism was his relaxation, just as writing prose and verse in what we used to call "Wardour Street English" was. He built up a romance out of socialism, a beautiful make-believe world where he could wander joyously with men and women who never lived, in the land that never was. Art was his work, in the solid matter-of-fact world, and he kept at it so hard that the miracle was how he found time to philander with socialism. Had the workmen fighting for shorter hours known Morris's idea of a day's work, they would have fought shy of him as leader, while he would have had no use for them could he have foreseen the program of later lazier leaders prophesying the perfect future when nobody would work more than four hours a day for four months in the year. The chances are that Morris, like all men who accomplish anything, got more pleasure out of work than play, even when play meant marching under a red banner through the streets and falling into a rage with Comrades who did not mean their outrageous fallacies in their hearts.

Certainly, for all his socialism he was, at the very period of which I write, doing an incredible number of things. To run the mills at Merton Abbey and the shop in Oxford-Street would have kept most men busy—turning out carpets and chintzes and furniture and wall-papers and I hardly know what, and selling them into the

bargain, and, what is more, making them pay. And his books were following fast one upon another. And his Kelmscott Press was on the way in the near future. And there was time left over to work with and for others. Just a little before I came to London, he had helped to found the Art Workers' Guild, for long the most genuine society of artists in London, and he was the first Master and did not shift the responsibility in accepting the honor. I know nothing of him at first hand in that capacity because women did not belong to the Guild, and, if I can rely upon my memory, were not invited to any of its functions until more recent and more degenerate days. A little after I came to London he helped to found the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society and was its first President, and of this movement I know more. I was "doing" the art criticism of one London paper and sending articles of the same kind to a New York weekly, and therefore, I went to the first Press View in the New Gallery. I recall the excitement among the critics—actually an exhibition about which something different could be said, a daring innovation if not an alarming revolution: cretonnes and brocades hung upon the walls as if they had been pictures, glass and silver and jewelry given a place, chairs and tables and cabinets exalted into exhibits, and this not in a big international industrial exhibition, but in a London exhibition to be held annually—or tri-annually—as if it were the Royal Academy or the British Artists or the Painter Etchers. Exhibitions of this kind are taken for granted nowadays, in Europe anyway, if not with us, but in the Eighties they were a bewildering departure. And there was another novelty. The name of the artisan who executed the work, as well as of the artist who designed it, was duly catalogued, and to Morris this was a great step onward in the socialistic progress that was to ensure the dignity of labor and the equality of man.

In the Arts and Crafts, as in the Guild, he never took his duties lightly. His personality pervaded the exhibition. If he was there himself, he was a commanding figure, always in his blue clothes, always with that thick mop of hair above his forehead for him to thrust his fingers through

when it was the turn of art to rouse him to emotion. If he was not there himself, his influence was, setting the standard for the work shown, supplying the motives, making the space bare of pattern on paper or textile the obnoxious thing, giving a general sham mediaeval air to the galleries. And he was not to be forgotten in the Catalogue for, if there were "Forewords," he was sure to contribute something—downright, challenging, like his talks in the little meeting hall on The Mall. And if there were lectures, he was sure to give one—stimulating, invigorating, even when one did not agree with him. He was always overflowing with life, always in dead earnest, always ready to fight somebody if needs be. I remember once he wanted to fight J. His subject was printing. J. disagreed with one of his statements or criticisms and Morris was irritated, J. being still young, in his apprenticeship I might say. "And what do you know, what do you care about printing?" Morris asked, his fingers deep in his mop of hair in evident annoyance at the pretensions of youth. "Only enough to have bought your 'Chaucer,'" was J.'s neat answer which silenced him, for anybody, save the millionaire, had to care a great deal to invest in the costliest book ever issued from the costly Kelmscott Press—the least successful of all the Kelmscott books, too overladen with ornament, too little of Burne-Jones left in the illustrations when they finally reached the printed page, and if J. cared enough to order it on faith, he did not care enough to keep it, though other Kelmscott volumes are still among our treasured possessions.

It was for his vigor I liked and admired Morris, also for his inconsistency which was his charm, also for his picturesqueness. I would not mind in the least if I never again sat on a Morris chair, or walked across a Morris carpet, or looked at a Morris book—Whistler long ago taught the greater beauty of simplicity in form and pattern. But I would not want to lose my memory of Morris in the bare little hall at Hammersmith, pointing out the way to a glorious Utopia in which for him, the employer of labor and the shopkeeper, there would be no place.



IMMORTALITY—FREEDOM—JUSTICE

JULES GUERIN

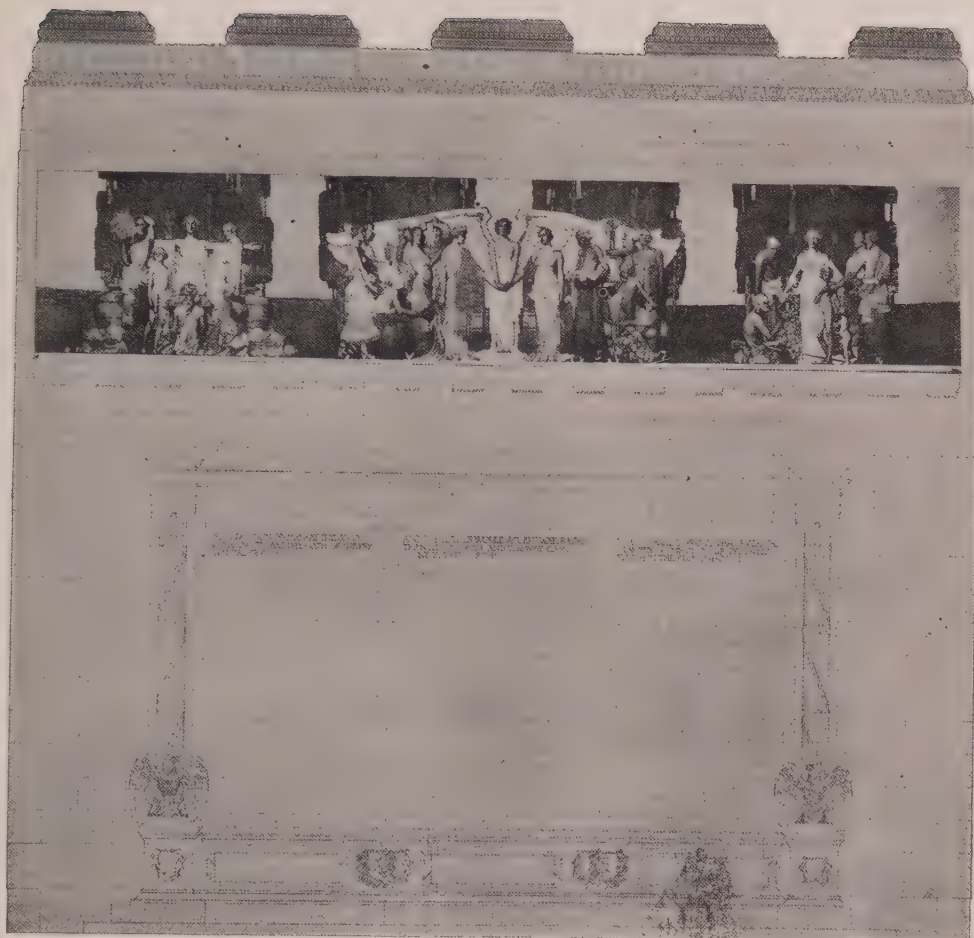
MR. GUERIN'S PAINTINGS FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

THE great Lincoln Memorial in Washington, designed by Henry Bacon, is practically completed and its dedication will probably take place early in the spring.

This magnificent building, which compares with the great buildings of Greece of classical times, in the style of which it has been designed, stands in Potomac Park by the shore of the Potomac River. It is a great work of collaboration, Mr. Bacon having associated with him Mr. Daniel C. French, who has modeled the colossal statue of Lincoln which will be

placed opposite the entrance within the building, and Mr. Jules Guerin, who has designed and executed the mural paintings which, as shown in accompanying illustrations, will extend across the upper portion of the two side walls above the panels whereon will be inscribed "Lincoln's Second Inaugural" and "Gettysburg Speech."

These panels are 60 feet long by 12 feet high and are painted on canvas without seam. They are both figure compositions, allegorical themes, yet of our own day and time. The one has a central



FRATERNITY—UNITY—CHARITY

JULES GUÉRIN

group symbolical of *Freedom* with side groups typifying *Immortality* and *Justice*. The other has as its central group figures symbolizing *Unity* with *Fraternity* and *Charity* as subsidiary groups to the right and left.

The figures average 8 feet 9 inches in height, the types chosen are racial rather than individual. For instance the black man is not simply the American negro but the black man of the world. There are 48 figures in the two panels and each figure is almost equally important in the composition. They are all very nearly on the same plane.

Mr. Guérin has spared no pains in searching out models of the right type and each figure is magnificently drawn,

boldly interpreted, essentially human and yet absolutely detached from life. They are architectural, sculpturesque and yet sincerely decorative.

The color used is peculiarly attractive, dull blue, red, green and brown, positive but tempered, rich but not insistent, unusual. As unusual as the colors employed by Baskt or his Russian colleague Annisfeld for scenic purposes, but much less sensuous and much more pleasing.

The technique that Mr. Guérin has employed is likewise unique. He has used heavy outlines, his color is held in large masses but applied in short strokes which produce atmospheric effect and charming texture, admirably suited to the place in which these paintings will be seen.

Mr. Guerin painted these panels in a huge atelier constructed specially for the purpose on the roof of one of the great business buildings in the heart of New York's busiest district. He painted them under conditions of light and space as nearly like those in which they are to be seen permanently as possible. He has carefully considered the tone of the adjacent walls and the observers' viewpoint. In order that they may withstand the elements of extreme heat and cold he has used tempera rather than the usual pigments, mixing his colors with wax rather than oil, which gives a pleasing surface finish.

The execution of these paintings has occupied Mr. Guerin three years. He

has done every stroke of the painting himself.

As an illustrator, as the author of the charming color scheme of the Panama-Pacific Exposition and as the artist of numerous architectural drawings in color of a unique and delightful type, Mr. Guerin is well known. As a painter of figures and as a mural painter he will step into prominence for the first time when these paintings are put on view. No small reproduction can do more than hint at the character of the works. By those who have been fortunate enough to see the originals in place, it is thought that in their design and execution Mr. Guerin has struck a new note and set a new standard in mural decorations.

DAUMIER

LITHOGRAPHER, CARTOONIST, ARTIST

BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF

Chief of Art and Print Division, New York Public Library

DAUMIER, according to your point of view, stands for lithography, for caricature, for art. It is in the entirety of his achievement and his significance that one must seek the cause for the vital interest which he has for artists today.

Daumier seems to have become, on the one hand, a sort of legend in art, and on the other a big figure in cartooning, doing the daily job as a purveyor of "comics." He is both, and more. A commanding and significant reality in art, in the specialty of comic art he not only illustrated the short-lived jest pot-boilingly, but arraigned hypocrisy and autocracy in public life in so powerful a manner that his cartoons have outlived the occasions that brought them forth. He was a caricaturist sometimes incidentally for the day's needs, a maker of "comics," an illustrator of jokes. Also, in the expression of his ideals, he was a caricaturist in the sense of a corrector of social and political wrongs, a "cartoonist" in the older sense of the term, as it was applied to Tenniel, Nast, or the elder Keppler. That is not too usual a combination.

There's more than all this. Daumier does not stand alone, but derives from and forms part of a period not only in caricature but in art. Moreover, it was a period which, artistically, found expression to a considerable extent in lithography, and it is in direct connection with that process that he appeals to many artists today. He is the apostle of drawing expressed in the broad, free, quivering strokes of the grease crayon.

Daumier's name is indissolubly connected with the art of lithography. Of that medium he remains one of the most noteworthy exponents. Not so much through any startling virtuosity in handling, but rather by virtue of a strong personality which happened to find in lithography a peculiarly appropriate means of expression. In the present day revival of lithography as a "painter" art, Daumier has his place as a potent source of inspiration.

Lithography was Daumier's principal vehicle, certainly in his main relations with the public. It was quite *en vogue* when he began. Its use had been forth-



DRAPED FIGURE RECLINING

WHISTLER

In colors—gray, green, pink, yellow, blue and purple (Way 156)

ered by printers who issued albums of plates by Charlet and others to demonstrate the range of technical possibilities. It was a quick and suitable process for caricature, quite obviously very much more so than the formal and slower line-engraving on copper, or even the freer etching. The incisive but more tenuous line of the latter, which had served Gill-ray and his school of pictorial satirists, had, for the purpose in view, not the power of vigorous attack which was offered by the broad and unctuous crayon drawing.

Perhaps lithography influenced Daumier as much as he influenced lithography. His style was certainly quite different when he worked in lines, outlines, thin, tremulous, feeling for form in enveloping strokes. It seems quite as certain that he did not go very deeply into the technique of the stone. Not as did Delacroix, for instance, whose "truculent romanticism" did not blind him to all

sorts of possibilities with crayon and scraper. Or Charlet, who well aided his printer-publishers in their endeavour to show artists how pliable lithography could be in their hands.

The lithographic crayon was a forceful means for translating Daumier's forceful temperament. Capable of the utmost delicacy, it has equal possibilities of rugged strength. The elder Isabey's *Escalier de la grande Tour du Château d'Harcourt* and Daumier's *Ne vous y frottez pas* may well serve to illustrate the two extremes. Similar comparison may be made today between, say, Whistler and Bellows. Or you may set side by side the succulence of Pryse and the stringy, live lines of Pennell. And you will end in finding yourself considering the whole question of lithography for the artist.

Daumier had not even the easy mastery of the medium that was Gavarni's; certainly not the virtuosity of Menzel litho-



IL LUI SERA BEAUCOUP PARDONNÉ PARCE QU'ELLE A BEAUCOUP DANSE

GAVARNI

tinter. Lithography served Daumier passing well. She was his handmaid, to whom he was tied by the needs of the day, and she served him faithfully and ably. Gavarni wooed her gracefully and elegantly. Menzel paid court to her for awhile, intensely, discovering all he could of beauty in one phase of her—and that was much—and turned in his later drawings, done with the broadness of a carpenter's pencil, to a style that had all of the unctuousness of Gavarni and a control of drawing quite close, in strength, to Daumier's. (One can easily carry out this picture by saying, for instance, that Delacroix laid siege to lithography with fiery ardor, Charlet cultivated her acquaintance with understanding, Eugène Isabey acquired an intimate knowledge of her richness of feeling, Bonington en-

listed her sensitive sympathy, Raffet made a faithful companion of her.)

Daumier, indeed, seemed to play with the process, at times, and perhaps even with the purpose. One gets the feeling that he unbends a bit from a higher altitude, even when he plays the clown with apparent relish, as in his parodies of classical themes. (Is it not so that Gavarni made his own jokes, while joke-smiths were employed to fit pleasantries to Daumier's sketches?) In the mass of his work there was inevitable the emergence of the quality of routine, the tendency towards manner rather than style. The daily job easily leads the artist to the insecure edge of the rut, but the position brings stronger contrast when the artist of noteworthy powers flounders. This becomes sufficiently evident when the

prolific Cham's sketches for the comic papers are laid beside Daumier's. The essential difference appears in the fact that Gavarni, for instance, was astound-

barrow. But he always worked from above down; any failings were those of hand, not of head. Why not employ the neat and pat phrase in which Laurence



BEAR-PIT IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

ADOLPH MENZEL

ingly clever, while Daumier has remained a force in art. Yet Gavarni spoke with an air of graceful finality, of elegant sufficiency, while Daumier may strike you at times as either not obviously sure or as careless of the petty task. He could draw poorly, illogically, pot-boilingly, as in that impossible man with a wheel-

Binyon compared Ruysdael's etchings with those of Waterloo and others: "One has only to turn to the facile etchers of sylvan scenery . . . to realize the difference between the man who feels what he can not perfectly master and the man who has perfect mastery of a facile formula." In Daumier's most famous large



ESCALIER DE LA GRANDE TOUR DU CHÂTEAU D'HARCOURT—JEAN BAPTISTE ISABEY

prints (*Le ventre législatif*, *Ne vous y frottez pas*, *Enfoncé Lafayette*, and *La Rue Transnonain*) polemic force thrust along technique into a sweeping directness of expression that makes you lose sight of technique. The thing is attacked with an intensity which—while one recognizes the ineptitude of slipping around on the ever-inviting sliding-pond of analogy

—brings to mind, though faintly, the picture of Michael Angelo wrestling form from the stone.

Yet Daumier's influence on later men may perhaps be one of technique quite as often as of spirit. You may get a feeling of Daumier, sometimes strong, sometimes quite attenuated, evanescent, in such artists as Forain, Steinlen, Léandre possi-



NE VOUS Y FROTTEZ PAS!

HONORÉ DAUMIER

bly, Faivre, Poulbot, Boardman Robinson, George Bellows, Eugene Higgins, John Sloan, Cesare also, perhaps even the younger Keppler or Cassel or Kirby. You may find it, then, or fancy you find it, in artists not only dissimilar in style but hardly indicating Daumier at all in their handling of the medium, their technical presentation of their subjects. Of course, the fact that the pen has been laid aside in recent years, by certain "cartoonists" (a convenient but not altogether definite designation) of a larger outlook, for the richer, more velvety, luscious effect of the crayon (particularly the lithographic grease crayon), may have something to do with it. But basically, in the case of the men of larger calibre, it seems to be a matter, as indicated, of spirit, of intention, of something beyond the day's work. And this influence of Daumier is exerted on artists whose work really can not be argued into any apparent relationship to

that of the great Frenchman. In the last analysis, it is largeness of outlook, expressed in largeness of design, that marks this influence at its best, and causes the significance of Daumier to broaden from a personal expression into a basic principle.

Regarded from this angle, Daumier looms up as one of the salient figures in the art of his period, as the painter of the *Troisième classe*, as a man of ideas and ideals and a sculpturesque delivery. These qualities persist even in his illustrations of jokes, although they are naturally more apparent in his biting satires on political and social matters, the law courts, for example. To get the full effect of his attitude and his power, put side by side even one of his average "comics" and one of a large class of comic "strips" now blossoming out in our daily press, and which the facile cartooning text-book, or the correspondence school, teach with wonderful ease and expedition.

To speculate on what Daumier might have accomplished had he devoted himself entirely to painting, is an idle task. He "cartooned." How he did it, and what he put into it, is the essential thing. It is that which concerns us and our art, "comic" and other, today. Browning's verse comes to mind, the one which tells us that "Our common duty, yours, mine, everybody's" is not to dream of what might be under different conditions, but

to put our best into the work before us. So we strike again the truism that the man makes the job, a fact too often forgotten by disaffected and "unappreciated" artists or by others similarly affected in any walk of life.

There, then, stands Daumier, not only one of the world's greatest forces in "caricature" (again a term that may well mean much more than the dictionary says), but a notable force in art today.



BOY AND PANTHER

RUDOLPH EVANS

Elizabeth Watrous Gold Medal

WINTER EXHIBITION NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN



THE HOUSE OF THE SINGING WINDS

STUDIO OF THEODORE STEELE

THE HOUSE OF THE SINGING WINDS

BY ALFRED MANSFIELD BROOKS

IN the outskirts of Belmont, a minute hamlet of Brown County, an Indiana county remarkable for its hill scenery and notable because of the small harm civilization has yet worked within its confines, lives the landscape painter, Theodore Steele. Year on year has this delightful artist's reputation been quietly growing, Steele himself characteristically unmindful of the fact, for of him Arnold's lines speak truly.

'Labor which in lasting fruits outgrows far
Noisier schemes, accomplished in repose.
Too great for haste. Too high for rivalry.'

To portray the face of nature, and to interpret her smiling or her weeping moods, her glory and her simplicity does,

and for years has claimed the artist's undivided thought. To him she has long spoken the language of "rememberable things," and, just so long, has he been schooling his deft fingers to record these things upon canvas. Perfectly, through his work, does he make plain the meaning of one of the most extraordinary comments ever made upon the art of landscape—Amiels, "all landscape implies a state of mind." This comment is extraordinary because it goes straight to the heart of the matter laying bare the fact that the poet and the painter of landscape do, and necessarily must stand upon common ground so far as emotion and comprehension condition their respective arts.

In one small territory, but on many canvases has this man, poignantly re-



INTERIOR OF THE STUDIO

HOUSE OF THE SINGING WINDS

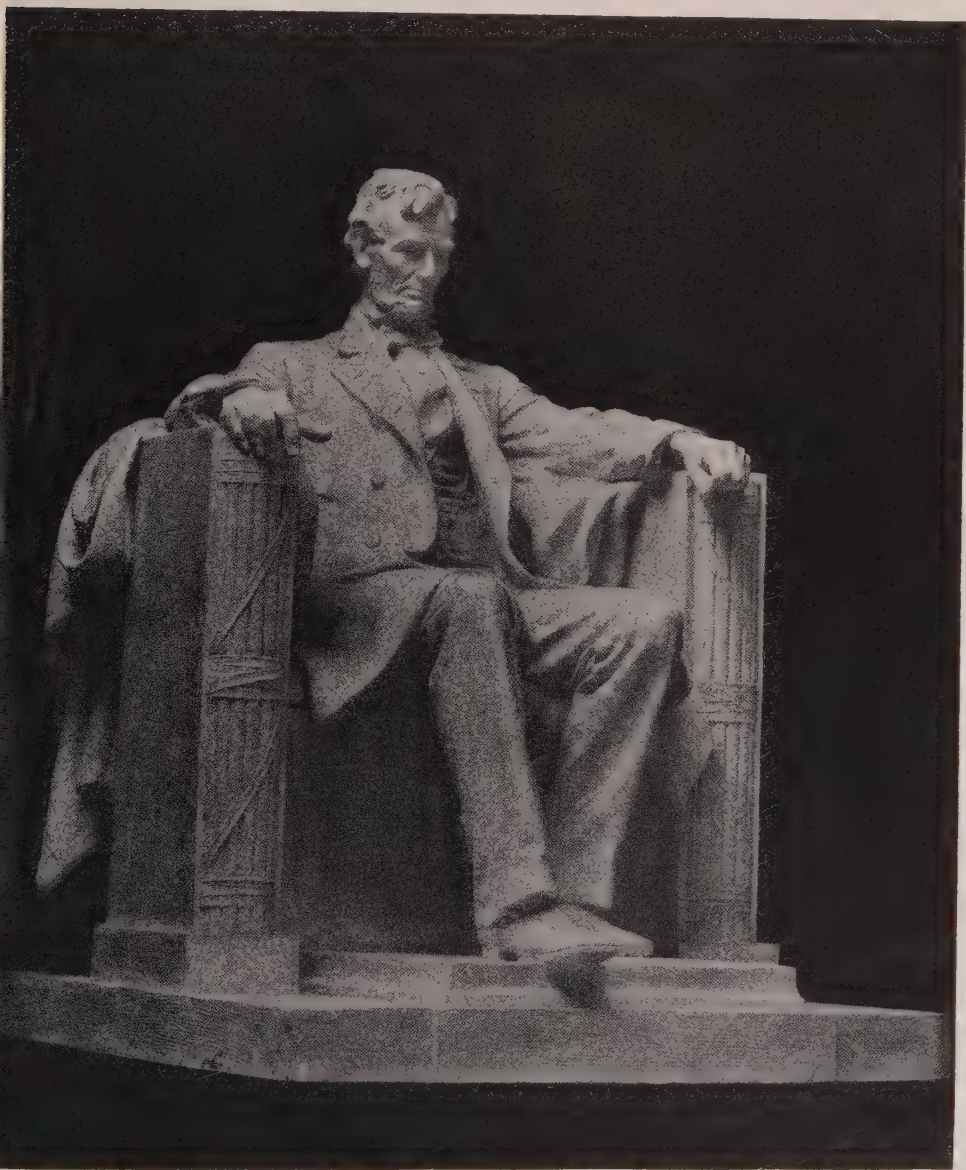
sponsive to nature's ceaselessly changing moods, painted o'er and o'er the hills to which his eyes are always lifted and from which, to judge by his successes, help never fails him. So absorbed has he become in his work, the complete portraiture of seasons it might be called, that he has, in truth as well as figure, left the world behind him. I mean, he makes his home the year round where his heart is.

And his home, the thing which happy, human habitation makes when added to our shells, our mere houses—in Steele's case no more than in any other man's, never made by a womanless man—his home is, like his canvases, *de l'homme même*, a work of true style, *his* and *hers*, and not any others. Up the long hill of iris and fox-glove with vast backgrounds of dog-wood if it be May, or still vaster backgrounds of yellow beach beyond masses of snowy cosmos bloom if it be October, one approaches what looks to be

a small cottage; does, if it be one's habit to look at all for houses in such surroundings. But, on entering! what a miracle this cottage proves itself to be; the house that never was, yet is, "small yet containing many large rooms." All that I have said is told truthfully about this House of the Singing Winds, as its owners call it, by our illustrations. Only let the reader turn from the outside view to the great living room within, itself a work of art, the expression of a mood and, what is more, the begetter of one—the mood of alert repose, of quiet and activity alternating, made evident in charming arrangements of the pleasant things of everyday life backgrounded by canvases which are faithful witnesses to Leonardo's saying, "In nature beauty dies, in art never." And as this room so the other rooms of this small, large house; this luxurious, simple home; this dwelling place of unebbing hospitality

and noble art. It is a happy thing to see the owner's portrait among his own canvases looking across to the fireplace into the lintel of which are cut the words,

"Every morning I take off my hat to the beauty of the world." This is a house where art and life, art which is "the nearest thing to life," are both at home.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY DANIEL C. FRENCH

COLOSSAL STATUE FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

WASHINGTON, D. C.



COFFEE HOUSE, CAIRO

GEROME

In Traveling Exhibition circulated by The American Federation of Arts
LENT BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

BULLETIN

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

New Lectures

The Federation has recently added nine new illustrated lectures to its list. Six of these have been contributed by curators or assistant curators of the Metropolitan Museum. They are as follows: "The Art of the Armorer" by Bashford Dean; "American Decorative Arts of the XVII and XVIII Centuries" by Charles O. Cornelius; "The Art of Egypt" by Herbert E. Winlock; "Prints, the Commonest Form of Art" by William M. Ivins; "Painting" by Bryson Burroughs; "Classical Art" by Gisela M. A. Richter; "War Memorials" by Charles Moore; "Art and the War" by Albert Eugene Gallatin; "Modern French Sculpture" by Lorado Taft. These lectures are not only educational and informing but delight-

fully entertaining. The lecture on Prints by Mr. Ivins is full of a charming sort of drollery which can not fail to bring forth laughter of a spontaneous sort and which will impress instructive truths as no quantity of solemn seriousness could do. Some one once said to Percy McKaye "What, you believe in instructing by amusement" and his instant reply was, "No, I believe in amusing by instruction." It is in this spirit that all of these lectures have been written.

No less engaging, well illustrated and authoritative are the three other lectures that have come to the Federation recently from other sources. Mr. Charles Moore, Chairman of the Special Committee on War Memorials, and also Chairman of the Federal Commission of Fine Arts, has

contributed, at the request of our Board of Directors, a most engaging lecture on "War Memorials"; Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin has generously consented to the adaptation from his book of a lecture on "Art and the War" for which he has furnished numerous excellent illustrations. This lecture covers what was done in this country, Great Britain and France by the artists toward winning the war. Mr. Lorado Taft, sculptor, writer and lecturer, has since his return from France prepared a new lecture on French Sculpture which he has generously donated to the Federation to be sent out to places where authoritative lecturers can not well be secured. Mr. Taft writes as follows with regard to this lecture and his experiences in France:

"I realize that some explanation is due—not for the delay but for the '*fait accompli*.' It was those boys in khaki over yonder. I never had addressed a representative American audience until I met them and their helplessness in the presence of the great art of France awakened all my sympathies. The most of them were not only inarticulate but at first seemed quite immune. They were trudging those muddy roads like horses with blinders, looking neither to the right nor the left. From their cursory remarks I gleaned that France did not appeal to them. There were some exceptions; the few who had brought with them a speaking acquaintance with art and history; who had a background of culture, however slight, were at home and happy. Our young architects and painters and students in general were as alert and interested as the great number were depressed. It was a wonderful object lesson which could not be forgotten and I reconsecrated myself to the work of evangelization.

"I got several lectures written and bought many slides. Since my return I have had others made and now we have "French Sculpture of the Nineteenth Century" (up to Rodin) adequately illustrated with good slides. I have one set for you and one for the Art Institute, where these lectures were first given."

Blashfield Drawing for Members

The American Federation of Arts has been most fortunate in securing for reproduction for its members a drawing by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield, of a woman's head—very characteristic of Mr. Blashfield's style, and beautiful in character and execution. The reproduction is being made in a size suitable for framing and

the prints will be ready for distribution in another month. These facsimile reproductions, which are to be distributed to members, can only be obtained through membership and are not purchasable.

Metropolitan Museum Loan Exhibition

An exhibition of thirty paintings lent by the Metropolitan Museum is now being circulated by the American Federation of Arts. After being shown in Youngstown, Ohio, Charlottesville, at the University of Virginia, and Richmond, Va., the exhibition went the first of January to Fort Worth, Texas. Fort Worth is the first place to which the Federation ever sent a travelling exhibition and where it was shown in the Carnegie Public Library under the auspices of the Fort Worth Museum of Art. This is the eleventh exhibition that has been held under these auspices. An attractive little catalogue, compiled through the cooperation of a member of the staff of the Metropolitan Museum, illustrated with four half tones of paintings in the collection, "The Dispatch Bearer" by Boldini, "The Roman Aqueduct" by Thomas Cole, "The Artist's Wife" by Thomas S. Seymour, and "Coffee House, Cairo" by Gerome, was printed for the Fort Worth Museum by the Federation. The collection is an uncommonly catholic one, representing numerous schools and showing great divergence in style and character. It includes paintings by those already mentioned and by such other well known painters as Detaille, Dupre, Pierre Edouard Frere, Henner, George Inness, Robert MacCameron, Frederic Remington, Douglas Volk, Edwin Lord Weeks and Alfred Stevens.

The Homelands Exhibition

Two interesting letters referring to the Homelands exhibitions held in Buffalo and Albany under the joint auspices of the American Federation of Arts and the University of the State of New York, one addressed to the Federation by the Executive Secretary of the American Institute of Architects and the other to our President, Mr. Robert W. de Forest, by the President of the University of the

State of New York, Dr. John H. Finley, are given herewith, and will, we believe, be read by members of the Federation with interest and satisfaction.

The American Federation of Arts:

The American Institute of Architects, through its Committee on The Allied Arts, desires to express its appreciation to the American Federation of Arts, for the excellent and timely exhibition of the Arts and Crafts of the Homelands, recently held in Buffalo.

This exhibition featuring the arts of everyday life of 23 European countries, was for the time being, a museum of the allied arts, and the presence of craftsmen there actually at work made it of more than ordinary value. In the exhibition were examples of practically all the arts related to architecture; including weaving, furniture making, carving, turning and inlay of woods, carving and etching on metal and bone, work in leather, paper, straw, glass, clay, lace making and needle work in many forms, toys, and other articles of such variety as only Europe could furnish.

Knowing that an appreciation of the allied arts is essential to the advancement of the standard of architecture, as well as the standard of life, we cordially endorse what the Federation has done with this Homelands exhibition, and we hope that what has been done in this temporary way may eventually be done in a more permanent way, and we offer our co-operation for such a purpose."

By direction of the Secretary,

Respectfully,

(Signed) E. C. KEMPER.

Executive Secretary.

Dear Mr. de Forest:

I wrote you sometime ago to express my appreciation of the Homelands exhibition, which I had the good fortune to see in Buffalo, but I have since seen more intimately a like exhibition here under our own roof in Albany and I wish you to know what an influence for the good it has been in this community. Not only have the townspeople been surprised to see what fabrics and beautiful pieces for household use the aliens in our very midst have brought with them from their old homelands but (perhaps more important than this) these aliens have been made to feel more at home in their new homes. The appreciative interest has been visualized in a way that will carry it to the understanding of the several groups and will penetrate far beyond those who actually were in attendance. These will be red-letter days and nights in the memory of many who for the first time have found themselves and their gift of skill and beauty recognized as contributing to a better America.

Rochester is to have such an exhibition and is making preparations for it on a large scale.

I wish to speak in especial appreciation of Mr. Eaton. He has not only the technical qualification but the equipment of spirit to organize and carry forward such an exhibition.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) JOHN H. FINLEY.

Among the new chapters recently added to the Federation are The Woman's Club at Bloomington, Illinois, the Woman's Club of Terra Haute, Ind., and the Public Library of Brockton, Mass.

NOTES

MODEST WAR MEMORIALS

In connection with the great subject of war memorials, we would like to call attention to a portion of a letter descriptive of Daniel Webster's burial place, written by Mr. Morris Gray of Boston and published some weeks ago in the *Boston Transcript*—an argument it seems to us for memorials of a spiritual character rather than of conspicuous showiness, and an argument what is more for a more secluded site rather than, as is almost inevitably the choice, a site where many pass by. The letter reads:—

"On a beautiful morning late in October, I motored from my home in Chestnut Hill to Marshfield in order that I might stand once again before the grave of Webster. At the end of the run I drove along a narrow and little traveled road and presently came to a grass-grown cart-path leading eastward to a knoll that high and alone jutted out into the marshes. And a few minutes later I walked up the slope and stood bareheaded before the grave. It is situated at the back of the one fenced-off lot in the old burial ground of the Winslow family. It is marked by a rough-hewn granite stone supporting a white marble slab, roughened and dulled by time, carrying the single words, "Daniel Webster." It faces the marshes, the sand dunes, the sea—and the dawn. It has a silence that seems at though it were broken only by the rare footfall on the cart-path below of some passing toiler of the sea or of the land. And it has the solemnity

and simplicity and peace so extraordinarily fitting for the final resting place of that great tragic personality.

"I thanked whatever gods there are that men had not instituted a drive to raise the money to build a boulevard and to establish a trolley system so that the trippers of a summer holiday could swarm over the place with their raucous and hysterical laughter and strew over it the egg-shells and slovenly papers of their luncheon. I was glad that men had not converted the beautiful and fitting spirit of the place into the horror of that vulgarity which is born of the inappropriate; that they had left it unsmirched to be sought and found by those who approach it in the spirit that he himself would perforce have liked.

"In these days when men pride themselves upon the lavish generosity which erects memorials often ostentatious and vulgar, in these days when men think not of the spirit and above all of the things that are fitting to the spirit, let us be grateful for the "ingratitude" of the republic that has left Webster enshrined in the austerity, the loveliness and the peace of the land that he loved."

PRINT
DIVISION
LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

The Print Division of the Library of Congress during the past year has increased its collection through gift,

purchase, transfer and exchange and the operation of the copyright law to the extent of 6,738 prints. The collection of prints now numbers 409,029.

The most important gifts were:

1. The George Lothrop Bradley collection of prints deposited in the Library for the past 18 years, which has become the property of the Library by the death of Mrs. Bradley (Jan. 10, 1919).

This collection comprises 2,054 prints, representing all schools, and including examples of well-known engravers.

2. Collection of Whistleriana, from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, consisting of Whistler's letters (originals and copies), rare editions of his writings, etchings, photographic reproductions of his paintings, reference works used for the "Life of

Whistler" by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, bound volumes of newspaper clippings; also catalogues, magazines and reviews. This material is now being classified and catalogued for reference. For students of Whistler this collection will be of the greatest value.

On account of the war conditions the Division was limited in the purchase of important works on Art and Architecture. Interest was continued in the accumulation and exhibition of illustrative material dealing with the Great War.

The Gardiner-Green-Hubbard Collection was increased by the purchase of 31 prints, representing the well-known etchers, Haden, Bracquemond, Meryon, Millet and Platt.

The exhibitions during the year have mainly supplemented the War Posters and prints already in place. Of special interest were:

(a) Collection of War Medals.

(b) British Government collection of lithographs.

(c) Towers of Belgium.

(d) Portraits of leading representatives at the Paris Peace Conference.

(e) Collection of 215 photographs showing National, State, and Individual Memorials.

The division has supplied eight governmental departments, two societies, twenty-two private and public schools, and four colleges with 9,946 photographs, etc., of painting, sculpture, and architecture; and the American Federation of Arts, Washington, D. C., with two collections of engravings, one collection of War Posters, and one collection of cartoons by Raemaekers for exhibition purposes.

In addition to the vast print collection, which is open to students and the public, the Print Division of the Library of Congress has an art reading and reference room, through which access to a collection of over 10,000 books on art and numerous art periodicals is obtainable.

THE NATIONAL
GALLERY
OF ART

The National Gallery of Art, whose collection of paintings, sculptures and other works is installed in the main sky-lighted hall of the National History Building of the U. S. National Museum, has made gratifying progress



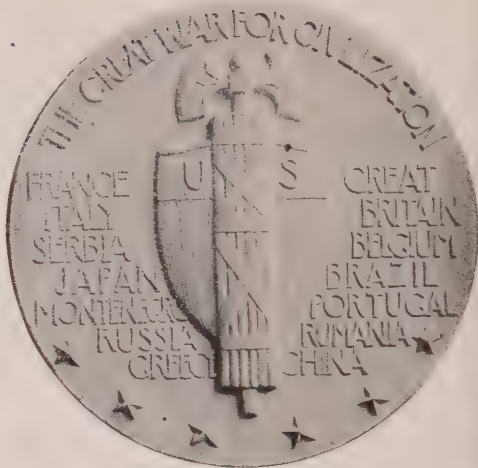
U. S. A. VICTORY MEDAL

during the year. This is due largely to the munificent gift of Mr. Ralph Cross Johnson, of Washington, which gift ranks as the most important single collection of art works, aside from the Freer gift, so far presented to the nation. It comprises twenty-four examples of European masters, among whom may be mentioned, Lotto, Titian, Guardi, Rubens, Rembrandt, Lawrence, Richard Wilson, David Cox, Turner, Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn and Hogarth.

A collection of art works of very great value, the gift of the Rev. Alfred Duane Pell, of New York, has been in part received at the Museum and will shortly be on public view.

Extensive collections of war paintings are also being installed in the Natural History Building. An exceptionally fine collection of Oriental rugs is temporarily on display in the Arts and Industries Building of the Museum.

The large building for the Freer Gallery, a structure of architectural perfection and great completeness of appointments, is nearly finished and will be ready for occupancy early in the present year. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Freer did not live to be present at the dedication of his magnificent gift and to enjoy the fruits of his devotion to the cause of art. The collections will be forwarded from Detroit shortly and it is anticipated the installation will be complete and the building open to the public before the close of the year.



JAMES E. FRASER

VICTORY MEDAL

By common agreement of the Allied and Associated Governments a medal of the Great War was created to be called "The Victory Medal." As it was impossible within any acceptable lapse of time to carry out a competition among the artists of the various countries and to select by this means a single artist to execute the medal, it was agreed that instead of conferring an identical medal, the Allied and Associated Governments would bestow upon their combatants medals resembling each other as closely as possible. A general design was therefore adopted as follows: A winged victory, standing, full length and full face with the background and border plain and without inscription should appear on the obverse while the reverse should bear the inscription "The Great War for Civilization" in the language of the country concerned, and show the names of the arms or both of the various Allied and Associated Nations. Only those nations which actually participated in the fighting against Germany and her Allies were to be included.

The selection of the sculptor for the American medal was left to the Commission of Fine Arts and by the Commission Mr. James E. Fraser was chosen. His design which is illustrated on this page has been approved by the commission. The fact that the character of the

design was so largely fixed prevented any great amount of originality on the part of the sculptor, and the art, which is shown in the sensitive modeling and goes to make the merit of a medal can scarcely be shown through photographic reproduction. It will be interesting to see how much or how little variety the set of medals as a whole will display and to compare their artistic merits.

PRINT MAKERS EXHIBITION The Print Makers of Los Angeles, a Society of men and women organized for the furtherance of the art of print making, announce an international print makers exhibition to be held in the Gallery of Fine and Applied Arts, Museum of History, Science and Art, Los Angeles, California, March 1st to 31st, 1920. All print makers are invited to contribute, and blanks with further particulars may be secured upon application to the secretary of the Society, Mr. Howell C. Brown, 120 North El Molino Avenue, Pasadena, California. This organization holds two exhibitions a year, one in the fall which travels over the western part of the United States and the other in the spring in Los Angeles. This international exhibition is to take the place of the regular spring exhibit. Foreign print makers have already indicated in many instances their desire and willingness to participate, and Mr. Brown writes that there is every prospect of an important international show.

ART IN CHICAGO Chicago is to have a concrete stadium with sculptural decorations and seats for 100,000 spectators, in Grant Park south of the new Field Museum. The Holabird & Roche plan of a U-shaped stadium, open at the north, about 1,200 feet in length and between 700 and 800 feet in width, was chosen by the jury from the plans of six architectural firms entering the competition. The opening of the horse-shoe or U-shape, permits the use of the seats as a reviewing stand when great processions pass on Michigan Boulevard.

The curved section of the vast stadium

will be constructed of concrete while the sculpture decorations will be of marble or bronze. The plan provides for 60,000 permanent seats and adjacent grassed terraces give the space for 40,000 temporary seats. All seats have an unbroken view of the Field Museum. There will be a movable stage, and the arrangements make possible spectacular events of all kinds, sports and athletic contests in summer and a flooded field for skating in winter.

As an architectural monument, the stadium will be an artistic asset in the Chicago plan. The South Park Board of Commissioners controlling the land of Grant Park which already contains the Art Institute, some sculpture and the Field Museum, has given the site. The funds required for the structure and its sculptured decorations are estimated to reach nearly \$4,000,000. No time has been set for beginning the work, although it is understood that ground will be broken in the spring if labor conditions are settled and the prices of materials reduced to a reasonable level.

The jury of architects was supplemented by an athletic director from the University of Chicago, Vice President Ryerson of the Art Institute, and a member of the South Park Board.

The Chicago Public School Art Society held a New Year Exhibition of paintings, objects of craftsmanship and industrial art such as appear in its traveling cabinets, at the Art Institute. The Society has approached the Public School Committees to secure proper wall space and backgrounds for the model groups of pictures which are loaned to the schools, and are extending their artistic mission to the decoration of the newer school buildings which are being erected in Chicago every year. The Outdoor Art League, and School Decorations Committees of Women's Clubs promote the planting of school yards. The Chicago Public School system has a nursery for shrubbery and trees and a committee to plan improvements in small parks and school grounds adjacent to the buildings. The erection of two notable examples of architecture in public school buildings

in small parks belonging to the West Park System in which the School Board and the Park System cooperates, is a novel experiment, as well as an advance in school plans. The park system supplies small lakes for water sports and recreation fields.

The Friends of American Art of the Art Institute of Chicago, purchased three canvases from the 1919 autumn exhibition of American Oil Paintings and Sculpture. They are "Unrest" by Sidney E. Dickinson, "Cotton Gin" by Harry L. Hoffman, and "Evening" by Jerome Myers. The Friends have recently acquired "Portrait of a Lady" by Louis Betts which received the portrait prize at the National Academy of Design.

Hermann Rosse, the head of the department of Design at the Art Institute, united his students in a big piece of constructive work in the creation of stage settings, designing, dyeing and making stage costumes for "The Nativity Play," a pantomime, pageant and dramatic production in the style of the Twelfth Century versions of Nativity Plays given at the Art Institute at Christmas. The drama was written by Cloyd Head, descriptive music by Eric De Lamarter, and the Paulist Choristers sang. Amateurs in dramatic work assisted the students of the Art School in a remarkable presentation.

The Arts Club, Chicago, introduced to the public at midwinter two sculptors of original gifts, the Italian, Alfeo Faggi, and the Russian, Gleb Derujinsky. Mr. Faggi's "Pieta," "St. Francis," "St. John," "Mother and Child" and "Maternity" modelled in the style of the primitives have the strange charm that breathes from the creations of a mystic. Mr. Faggi was a resident of the Chicago art colony previous to returning to Italy to join the army of his native land at the beginning of the war. He was a member of the signal corps, and later with the Artillery and then in Aviation. A number of his important pieces of sculpture belong to Chicago sculptors.

Gleb Derujinsky exhibits graceful statuettes "Harlequin" (Adolph Bolm), "Columbine" (Miss Page), "Graziosa," "The Valse," "Embarrassment"—the

titles suggesting an airy playful humor modelled by hands that speak frankly and joyfully in sculpture.

The Arts Club believes that these artists of foreign heritage are a distinct inspiration in present day American productions in sculpture.

THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

The Toledo Museum of Art is the proud possessor of a painting by Van Dyck, "Saint Martin Sharing His Mantle with the Beggar." It was shown at the Brussels Exposition in 1910 and was presented to the people of the United States by M. Charles Leon Cardon and designated by the donor to the Toledo Art Museum because Toledo is Ambassador Whitlock's home city. The painting was unveiled by King Albert of Belgium in the presence of the Queen and Crown Prince, Ambassador Whitlock and Mrs. Whitlock and a distinguished gathering during the recent visit of the King and Queen to this country.

Great and important as is this work of art and its unveiling, more important still and entitling to greater distinction is the splendid work that this Museum is carrying on among the children of the city. The following account of this work was written by Miss Elizabeth Jane Merrill and published in the *Museum Bulletin*.

"The Aim of the Educational Department of the Toledo Art Museum is to give to all who come to the Museum experiences which will enrich and develop the love for true beauty, to put the Museum's material within the reach of all, that it may become a living, vital, pulsing force.

The Museum has especially endeavored to broaden the best in children, realizing that in the child lies the future citizen. The response to the beautiful is strong and natural. Like produces like. Feed the growing thought of a child with beauty, give him worth while things to think about, and nine chances out of ten he will do his best to bring forth something worthy of his thought.

It is the opportunity to respond which is being given by the Museum through its various channels—story hours, music hours, nature work, motion pictures and special classes.

Through the story hours the Museum

reaches hundreds of children each week. They meet on Saturdays and Sundays in one of the large class rooms on the ground floor, which has been set aside for the children's own. This year, 1919-1920, Museum children are seeing classic lands—their arts, crafts, architectural ruins. On the first Saturday of October, they traveled to New York and steamed away to Egypt where they found not a dead country but a vital interest in that wonderland of long ago.

The story the Old Nile told of the Pyramid people, What the Nile Knows of the Feudal Age, How the Horse Came to Egypt and What Happened, First Great Queen of History—Hatshepsut, an Egyptian Napoleon—Thutmose III, a Royal Home of the Empire, What Rameses the Great Did for Egypt, What the World Gained from Egypt, are the topics for the two months of story hours on the oldest country. This series closed with a special program, November 29th, made up of Egyptian Dances, Story of a Little Boy of Thebes, 3,700 years ago, and music imbued with the spirit of Egypt.

During December, there were story hours on Babylonia and Assyria, the subjects being The First Books—Babylonian Tablets, Sculptured Reliefs of Assyria—The Lion Hunt, and Story of Nebuchadnezzar.

Greece during January and February, and Italy during March and April will be given the second half of the season. Both of these series will be concluded by special programs of dances, music and story.

The story hours are illustrated with Museum material, photographs and slides in black and white and color. The searching out and drawing of objects in the Museum collections related to the story material is a part of the hour much enjoyed by the children.

The Museum is reaching the children of the upper grades of the Public Schools through regular talks in the schools in connection with a traveling exhibition of prints of Museum paintings, which remains for two weeks in each school.

Talks on ancient history are being given to students of Waite High School with the aim of correlating the Museum collections with the school studies.

Beginning this season, pupils of the parochial schools of the city will come to the Museum for two half days during the school year.

The schools for blind, deaf, and crippled children have already paid their first visit of the season to the Museum. They will revisit the Museum in the spring. The blind "see" sculpture and pottery with their hands, and work in clay. The deaf are shown the Museum galleries, collections of special interest and motion pictures.

Never before had the attempt been made to have the cripple children come to the Museum, but the happiness of the little handicapped kiddies during their first visit was so keen that it was a joy to all who saw them. They had a visit to Egypt through story and colored slides and their "ohs" and "ahs" were almost continuous. Those who could went through the galleries, helping themselves, while all others were carried in strong willing arms. For the first time in their lives they saw the Museum. They, like the little blind and deaf children, are looking forward to spring when they will come again.

Truly the Museum through its channels is having its share of blessing. That to give without getting is impossible, has been known throughout the ages. Shakespeare best expressed it when through the fair judge of the Merchant of Venice, he said, "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

HONOR TO
MR. LIBBEY

In recognition of the splendid services of President Edward Drummond Libbey of the Toledo Museum of Art, to the cause of art and education, the trustees and life members of the Museum honored him with a testimonial dinner at the Toledo Club, Friday Evening, January 9th, at which were gathered one hundred representative citizens in the field of religion, art, education, law, finance and commerce. Among those who spoke glowingly of President Libbey's labors in the field of art, his many benefactions and the splendid example set by him, were John W. Beatty, Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Henry

Turner Bailey, Director of the Cleveland School of Art, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, representing the trustees of the Chicago Art Institute, President Ralph Booth of the Detroit Art Institute, and the Mayor and Bishop of Toledo. Congratulatory letters were read from President Robert W. de Forest, Director Edward Robinson and Secretary Henry W. Kent, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, President Charles L. Hutchinson of the Chicago Art Institute, Eric Brown, Director of the National Gallery of Canada, and many others prominent in the field of art throughout the country.

President Libbey in his response, interpreted the honor paid him as a healthful and gratifying awakening of all classes of citizens in all communities to the need of greater art facilities in our American cities, that this country may be made a still better place in which to live and that the joy and benefits of art may enter into the life and work of all our people.

LONDON NOTES

Two watercolor exhibitions of exceptional merit and interest by Mr. Russell Flint and Mr. William Walcot, opened early in December at the Fine Art Society. I have already had occasion to notice Russell Flint's masterly treatment of water color; in his marvellous technique with its clean strong washes there is perhaps only one living painter his equal, this being the President of the Lombard "Societa degli Acquerelisti," Commendatore Paolo Sala. Russell Flint puts his wash clean through, taking out his figures, in which he excels, later with a hard brush from the dry paper, before he paints them in. The present exhibition, generally summer scenes of bathers on the Northumberland coast, with Bamburgh Castle seen across the sands, or at Gairloch in Dumbertanshire, N. B., represents holiday work of the summer and autumn, since this artist was demobilized, for he had been attached to the Royal Air Force during the recent war. I first came across Mr. Russell Flint in Italy, where his water-color art was highly appreciated by the Italians, and where he exhibited with success and sold well in the annual exhibi-

tion of the Milan Water-color Society. I happen to know too that the two private view days of last week found many purchasers for these charming creations, with their luminous visions of golden sands and summer sky, among which I noted "The Sun Bath," "The Derelict," "The Shelving Beach," "A Creature of the Rocks," "Morning Silver," and two very brilliant studies of figures reflected in water, with the titles of "Disturbers of Reflections," and "A Student of Reflections."

Mr. William Walcot's water-colors deal with architecture, mainly in Italy, though London and Paris claim a place, and his "Americans entering the Mall, July 19, 1919," has a special interest of actuality. We find the brilliant color of the studies of "Imperial Delhi," exhibited last spring, in Mr. Walcot's "Palace Pandolfini at Florence" with the intense blue of its sky, in "The Fountain, Florence," with Banbinello's "Sprawling Nymphs" of bronze, and in "St. Peter's N-W Corner," and "Bernini's Colonnade." "S. Pietro, Toscanella" appears twice, and the interior view is an example of this artist's admirable handling of architectural subjects.

The exhibition arranged at the Twenty-one Gallery by the Art League of Service is one of considerable interest, since it represents a combined effort to bring intelligent design and decoration into our daily lives, and, as the League itself has stated in its foreword "to promote individual expression, and to stimulate, through good designs and models, the creative imagination of the worker." The present exhibition of the League includes textiles (hand-spun wool rugs, designed by Harold Squire) ceramics (The Yeoman Pottery) miniatures and lettering and interior decoration. Most interesting, however, are the models in the inner room, showing designs for houses and interior decoration; and among these Mr. Dobson's "Cinema" is admirable, and well suited to such a likely material as concrete.

The exhibition of Charles Meryon's etchings at Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's Gallery in Bond Street is one of considerable value and critical interest.

Charles Meryon was born in 1821, and achieved his highest success as an etcher in that wonderful series of plates of the Paris of his day, of which it has been lately remarked that "his interpretation of the monuments and street scenery of Paris cannot be exactly paralleled in anything in art, ancient or modern . . . preserving with utmost probity every church, every tower, every cornice, every moulding, bit of tracery, yet making us feel throughout that here is Meryon, the sombre, masterful, poet etcher." To be specially noticed is this artist's mastery of shadow, recalling the plates of Piranesi, in such subjects as his "L'Entrée du Couvent à Athènes," and his mastery of architectural drawing in "La Tourelle de Marat, Paris," "Saint Etienne du Mont, Paris," and that mysterious figure of "Le Stryge," like a crouching demon looking out over the roofs of Paris.

—S. B.

ITEMS

A Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Medal has been executed by Anna V. Hyatt for the Women's Roosevelt Memorial Society which is endeavoring to raise \$1,000,000 to purchase, restore and retain the Roosevelt birthplace, 28 East 20th Street, New York, N. Y.

A gold medal, the work of John Flanagan, sculptor, was presented to the Prince of Wales by the American Numismatic Society on his visit to New York. On the obverse of the medal is a portrait of the Prince in profile in the uniform of a Colonel of the Welsh Guards, and on the reverse is a figure of Columbia.

Charles Moore, Chairman of the American Federation of Arts General Committee on War Memorials, will be in Missoula, Montana, April 1st; Spokane, Washington, April 2-4; Lewiston, Idaho, April 5; Moscow, Idaho, April 6; Pullman, Washington, April 7-17; Ellensburg, Washington, April 12; Seattle, Washington, April 13; Bellingham, Washington, April 14. The arrangements for the trip are in charge of Dr. F. A. Golder, Washington State College, Pullman, Washington.

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICAN PAINTING AND ITS TRADITIONS.—BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers. Price, \$2.50 net.

Prof. Van Dyke, whose "Art for Art's Sake," "What Is Art," "The Meaning of Pictures" and "History of Painting" are among the best and most informing art books of the age, has given us another valuable volume dealing exclusively with American art.

In successive chapters he deals with nine great American artists, George Inness, Alexander H. Wyant, Homer Martin, Winslow Homer, John La Farge, James Abbott McNeill Whistler, William Merritt Chase, John W. Alexander and John S. Sargent.

As he says in his preface, "Not all of the one-time 'new movement' originated and died with these nine men, but while the nine were by no means the whole count they were certainly representative of the movement and their works spoke for almost every phase of it. The value of the movement of American Art can be rightly enough judged from them."

These painters, as he rightly holds, helped to make up the period in American painting, dating from about 1878 to 1915, which gave this country standing in the art of the world. Of the nine only one is today living.

Prof. Van Dyck was personally acquainted with the majority of these painters, lived among them, wrote about them and had opportunities of knowing them and their works at first hand. What he has to say, therefore, is of the utmost interest and value. The personal turn that the various chapters take now and then gives them a pleasant added intimacy.

PAINTING AND THE PERSONAL EQUATION.—BY CHARLES H. WOODBURY. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, Publishers. Price \$2.00.

This book is made up of six lectures given at Ogunquit, Me., in connection with a course of instruction in out-of-door painting, and were originally accompanied by criticism of the several hundred sketches made by the class each week.

The contents is divided into three parts; first, "The Painter," second, "The Student," and third, "The Public," and from first to last it is instructive and engaging—a book not only for the student but for the layman, for all who wish to be better informed concerning art.

Mr. Woodbury, it will be remembered, is a most accomplished painter and etcher. His viewpoint is critical and at the same time optimistic. He is an idealist and yet practical. His faith in American art is great, yet he recognizes its short comings. It is his conviction that "the art which will come from America will be viril like the air" and that it is this virility which will differentiate it from the art of Europe.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS, Being a Translation of I Fioretti Di S. Francesco by Thomas Okey with Thirty Drawings by Eugene Burnand.—J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited, London and E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, Publishers. It is limited to 700 copies for Great Britain and 500 copies for America. Price \$15.

This is a sumptuous volume, a beautiful example of the book-maker's art. It is also a little gallery of pictures for the "thirty drawings" were apparently made in pastel or other pigment and are reproduced in full color handsomely mounted on gray-brown inset sheets.

In these illustrations M. Burnand, we are told, has "aimed at reproducing the Assisian landscape as it appears today little changed in its essential features since Saint Francis and his Friars lived and wrought—one of the most lovely and poetic of the Italian provinces" and that he has "sought through the aid of living models, to evoke a convincing representation of the Franciscan friar in concrete form as he appeared in the Thirteenth Century, stripped of the accretions of ages of popular and sacerdotal traditions." He has met with amazing success. His Saint Francis throughout the entire series is the same holy man; essentially human and at the same time filled with Divine fire.

With deliberate intent the pictures are primarily illustrative. To a degree they bring to mind the Tissot drawings of Biblical themes and scenes in the Holy Lands. It is a delightful series.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE.—BY HERBERT LANGFORD WARREN, Late Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and Dean of the Faculty of Architecture of Harvard University Illustrated from Documents and Original Drawings. The Macmillan Company, New York, Publishers.

This work of Langford Warren's was left in manuscript at his death and is now presented in enduring form, the essence of his vital teachings of the history and principles of architecture, by his associate Prof. Fiske Kimball, now of the University of Virginia.

As Prof. Kimball says its importance for the generation which has heard his inspiring message, a generation which has re-created an architecture of knowledge, order, and classic beauty, is best expressed in the words of his own essay on the study of architectural history in which he says that our choice lies simply between really knowing the classical and using it wisely in the fullness of knowledge, or knowing it only superficially and misusing and misapplying it ignorantly, and urges that we seek to "combine scholarship with artistic impulse and enthusiasm" and to give that "impulse and enthusiasm the sure basis of knowledge."

It is to this end that this publication has been brought forth, and the hope that the classical style will be better understood through a more minute study of its antecedents. At no time could such a work be produced more fittingly, for to our sore distress and shame we must acknowledge the short comings of our art are largely due to lack of scholarship.

ABBOTT H. THAYER.—BY H. M. B. Published by the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

In connection with an exhibition of painting by Abbott H. Thayer the Carnegie Institute has published this charming little brochure, written, if we mistake not, by the Director's daughter, cataloguing the exhibit, illustrating some of the best works shown, and finally recording the great painter's known works with their present owners.

The biographical section is delightfully written and gives an excellent estimate of the work and the standing of Abbott H. Thayer.